But by degree ſtand in authentique place :
Take but degree away, vntune that ſtring,
And hatke what diſcord followes, each thing melts
In meere oppugnancie: the bounded waters
Should lift their boſomes higher then the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid globe:
Strength ſhould be Lord of imbecilitie,
And the rude ſonne ſhould ſtrike his father dead.
Force ſhould be right or rather right and wrong,
(*Betweene whoſe endleſſe iarre Iuſtice recides*)
Should looſe their names, and ſo ſhould Iuſtice to?
Then euery thing include it ſelfe in power,
Power into will, will into appetite,
And appetite an vniuerſall Woolfe,
(So doubly ſeconded with will and power)
Muſt make perforce an vniuerſall prey,
And laſt eate vp himſelfe.
Great *Agamemnon*,
This *chaos* when degree is ſuffocate,
Followes the choaking.
And this neglection of degree it is,
That by a pace goes backward with a purpoſe
It hath to clime. The generalls diſdaind,
By him one ſtep below, he by the next,
That next by him beneath, ſo euery ſtep,
Exampl'd by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his ſuperior, growes to an enuious feauer
Of pale and bloudleſſe emulation,
And 'tis this feauer that keepes Troy on foote,
Not her owne ſinnews. To end a tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſſe ſtands not in her ſtrength.

Neſtor. Moſt wiſely hath *Vliſſes* here diſcouerd,
The feuer whereof all our power is ſick.

Agamem. The nature of the ſickneſſe found *Vliſſes*
What is the remedie?

Vliſſes. The great *Achilles* whom opinion crownes,
The ſinnow and the fore-hand of our hoſte,
Hauing his eare full of his ayrie fame,

Growes

Growes dainty of his worth, and in his Tent
Lies mocking our deſignes: with him *Patroclus*
Vpon a lazie bed the liue-long day,
Breakes ſcurrell ieſts,
And with ridiculous and ſillie action,
Which (ſlanderer) he Imitation calls,
He pageants vs. Some-time great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſſe deputation he puts on,
And like a ſtrutting Player, whoſe conceit
Lyes in his ham-ſtring, and doth thinke it rich
To heere the woodden dialogue and ſound,
Twixt his ſtretcht footing and the ſcoaffollage,
Such to be pitied and ore-reſted ſeeming,
He acts thy greatneſſe in. And when he ſpeakes,
Tis like a chime a mending, with termes vnſquare,
Which from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeeme hiperboles, at this fuſtie ſtuffe,
The large *Achilles* on his preſt bed lolling,
From his deepe cheſt laughes out a lowd applauſe,
Cries excellent; 'tis *Agamemnon* right,
Now play me *Neſtor*, hem and ſtroake thy beard,
As he being dreſt to ſome Oration,
That's done, as neere as the extremeſt ends
Of paralells, as like as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet god *Achilles* ſtill cries excellent,
Tis *Neſtor* right: now play him me *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night alarme,
And then forſooth the faint defects of age,
Muſt be the ſcæne of myrth, to coſſe and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the riuet, and at this ſport
Sir valour dyes, cryes O enough *Patroclus*,
Or giue me ribbs of ſteele, I ſhall ſplit all
In pleaſure of my ſpleene, and in this faſhion,
All our abilities, guifts, natures ſhapes,
Seueralls and generalls of grace exact,
Atchiuements, plots, orders, preuentions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,